PICTURESQUE OLD INN.

The "Rising Sun" at Lynmouth, in the Land of Lorna Doone.

The "Rising Sun" inn at Lynmouth is one of the picturesque sights of the land of Lorna Doone. Full on its lattice windows, its cobbled walls and thatched rooms "the splendor falls" at sunrise all the year round, but when it was built on that headland there were other and older houses farther up the shadowy valley, on which the morning sun never rested from November to February. To bask in its welcome rays then the gossips of Lynmouth were obliged to walk out past the haven under the hill to the spot whereon the rising sun shone. But those valleys hardly want direct shafts of sunlight to brighten them, for in the gloomiest months they are flooded with a luminous haze that seems to give warmth as well as light; so that myr-

THE RISING SUN INN.

tles, fuchsias and honeysuckles grow luxuriantly about the cottage porches; and amid roses clustering under brown eaves the lilac petals of passion flowers, scarlet geraniums, or white trumpet-shaped magnolias often gleam, while fringing the woodland paths beside the brawling Lynns, whose currents mingle at Waters' Meet, is such wealth of rare ferns as one may not see anywhere in the eastern counties. From Waters' Meet along the valley of East Lynn, past Brendon village to the Doone Gate, is a succession of pleasant sylvan scenes.

MURDER AS A FINE ART.

The Curious Manuscript Left by a French Author Recently Deceased.

Among the papers of M. Charles Monselet, the spirited and much-regretted French writer, a curious manuscript has been discovered. It bears the title, "Manual du Parfait Assassin," and opens with an outline sketch of the qualifications of the man who would become a successful murderer. Above all, he should neither be too young nor too old, neither uneducated or too learned, but one branch of knowledge which he should be careful to avoid is that of literature. But unless a man feels that murdering is his vocation all other qualifications avail nothing. If he is not drawn toward the profession by an irresistable attraction, and if he has not from his tenderest age felt the desire to annihilate his fellow-beings let him desist from meddling with murdering. M. Monselet says:

"A street attack at night is tempting, but it must be done by inspiration. You require genius to do it well. A man passes. He either inspires you or leaves you unmoved. If he inspires you go for him; his watch, if he has one, his pocketbook and the contents of his two waistcoat pockets are your booty. Throwing a dead man in the river has its drawbacks; the Seine often gives up its prey. Water talks; the earth is dumb. This is the advice of a famous assassin."

Under the heading "Murders and Magistrates" the author has this to say:

"Avanain, when standing on the the platform of the guillotine, said to the people: 'Above all, never confess.' These great words ought to be engraved in letters of gold. As soon as you are caught imagine you are somebody else. Don't try to be clever in answering the judge. Rather say the most idiotic things that come into your head. The perfect assassin should be very respectful toward the gentlemen of the jury. If he knows one of them he had better not ask how his wife is. Good behavior is not often rewarded. Meanwhile, he ought to show his perfect tranquility by asking one of the policemen by his side for a chew of tobacco."

Independence, as long as their is a gleam of hope, is the advice with which M. Monselet dismisses his subject, and when all has failed then resort to philosophy and die like a man.

The Lamb Among Wolves.

He enters the precincts of the bureau. Black is his brow, and rasping with unwonted harshness is his voice, writes Robert J. Burdette of the man who enters an intelligence office in search of a "cook" and a "second girl," in the Ladies' Home Journal. Sternly he bends his gaze upon the superintendent. She lifts her own eyes a passing moment to meet his ferocious expression, tranquilly, as one who has been weaned in early infancy on just such glances from much larger men. She resumes her writing. There is something in the atmosphere of this strange place that chills him. He snorts "Goodafternoon" in one word, and in the same tone in which he had snarled "Tomcats" to his typewriter. The superintendent looks up pleasantly and says: "Good afternoon, sir," with excessive courtesy and just a little Boston icing on it. He breaks into a cold prespiration as the horrible thought sweeps across his mind that she may have followed him there to witness the battle. He looks over his shoulder as a murderer might look around at a ghost. He would give a dollar if the office boy would just come after him with a message. He knocks his head off. His tongue cleaves to the sun-burned roof of his kiln-dried mouth. He takes off his hat. He prefers a request for an interview with a lady who might be willing to accept a situation to assist in general housework. The lady is presented. "An' how many hav yez in the family?" "Five." He is alone. He hears an unfamiliar voice beyond the partition saying, as to an audience: "Thayre's a house full o' thim." He suggests, in a hoarse, strange voice, that he will try for two. They are summoned. The candidate for cook is taller than himself; the "sicking gyrul" demands of him where he lives. He names the street. The two ladies turn to look into each other's faces; two harsh and hollow bursts of laughter grate upon the startled air; two faces look down upon him with pitying commiseration, and he is once more alone. He goes out like a man walking in his sleep. He falls over a dog, and "begs pardon." He meets the office boy, and lifts his hat to that astonished young rebel. He sees his typewriter waiting for a car, and calls a hansom for her. He reaches home, and when the "ad interim" Ellen Eliza opens the door, he calls her "Madam," and apologizes for troubling her. You say: "Where is the new girl?" He says: "Oh? Didn't have time to go for her." And he is correct. She went for him. After this, perhaps, you had better not say anything to him about it.

Oh, patient, much-enduring, long-suffering woman, no man living knows upon what heart-aches and trials and tribulations of the flesh and the spirit his happy home is founded. If he did he couldn't sleep in it.

Getting Married in Vienna.

A word on a very delicate matter. It is a serious affair to get a good parti for a girl in Vienna, and it is a yet more serious thing not to have madame before her name. In consequence there is not that diffidence and false modesty on the part of the parents of marriageable daughters we are accustomed to see at home. If the proper person does not turn up he is sought for until he is found, and it is a poor-spirited mamma who will not set forth the charms of her maidens to get eligible bachelors. If a younger sister happens to be married before the elder, she at once declares herself and is declared by the parents to be the older, her better luck and further experience entitling her to that position.

A friend of ours was astonished at a betrothal ceremony recently to hear the birth certificate of the bride, a young lady whom he had known several years, read out, fixing that event thirty-years before. All during their acquaintance she had posed as the youngest of a quartette of sisters who were married before her, and it was only when the deed was done and the groom secured that she unblushingly and as a matter of course resumed her proper age.

It was another young lady, whose name is buried in the bosom of her correspondent, who, with an ingenuousness that cannot be too highly commended, wrote a proposition of marriage to an American gentleman, which, for frankness and an absence of all false ideas on a very practical subject, has not, I believe, been surpassed. And when he, with a valor that has never been equaled on any field of battle, replied that such happiness was not for him, giving excuses that were feeble indeed, but at least showed the inclination of his mind, this admirable Austrian woman met him on his own ground, begged that he would trouble himself no more about the matter, and hoped that their friendship might be continued.

I tell these interesting stories with a sense of shame-facedness, because I have the feeling of somehow betraying a confiding and defenseless sex in its most tender aspect; but when one discusses the characteristics of a nation in a serious communication like this, individual sentiment must be sacrificed to historical interest.

A Firm of Women Lawyers.

Mrs. Kate Pier and her three daughter, Kate H., Caroline and Harriet, are all members of one law firm in the city of Milwaukee, writes Laura Grover Smith in the Ladies' Home Journal. They are all interesting "feminine" women, if one may use the expression; apparently they have lost none of their womanly qualities, but gained so many privileges that one is reconciled to a progress, which twenty years ago many thought threatened the destruction of home life. It is not probable that any one of these young ladies is unfitted for a home because she has identified herself with an unusual calling for a woman. Only a few years ago if a woman found it necessary to work for a living, as she often did (apparently suffering both the curse of Adam and Eve), there was no career open to her save school-teaching or dressmaking. Now, as a progressive woman says, "she can do anything where her petticoats do not catch in the machinery." Mrs. Pier, after the death of her father, was left in charge of his estate. She became interested in the questions that arose, and possessing a keen and brilliant mind she directed it to the study of law. There are many women upon whom devolve the responsibilities of an estate who may appreciate the motives which led Mrs. Pier to be-